

Write your Narrative Story here!

Highlighting Key:

Setting - Yellow

Climax - Blue

Resolution (Ending) - Green

2 Dystopian Ideas - Pink

Title: F6341

"F6341, testing data #32" a faceless worker said into a recording device. Daisy, I thought to myself was my actual name, but that moment of clarity to hear my thoughts was over just as fast as it came. The deafening sounds of researchers talking to each other, and the sounds of loud beeping flooded my mind again. The noises echoed around in my head, but they weren't really happening, I could just hear them, I was the only one that could. All those loud noises were accompanied by blinding lights and researchers hovering over me as they scribbled down notes on a clipboard. These workers are sick, they watch me and so many others suffer just to gain the slightest bit of knowledge, yet these people would never do that to another of their kind. These people just use us rats for their twisted experiments.

These episodes with the researchers seem to drone on forever, yet they only last about twenty minutes. After they use me as their little experiment I'm put back in my cage until they deem me useful again.

Frank, a rat from my neighboring cage trotted over to me with a look of concern, "Are you okay Daisy?"

"No," I replied, "I hate being used for experiments. These researchers use us then leave us, we are put in excruciating pain and they feel no remorse. Aren't you angry Frank, I mean they took you away from all other contact when you were a month old. They left you on your own without any attention at all, you could have died. your emotions and growth were severely stunted."

"I am angry, everything sucks but we have to endure it. You know it's for our own good, as our leaders say, *there is a reason behind pain, it is to expand oneself, it is to connect, it is to grow. Pain is good. We know that this is the right way to live.*"

"That's bulls**t Frank, why was tormenting me, and emotionally stunting you, for our own good!" I was seething, "we shouldn't have to put up with this, I've learned nothing from being in so much unwarranted pain."

"I'm sorry Daisy, that's just the way the world works," Frank said and retreated back to the corner of his cage.

"It shouldn't be," I mumbled to myself.

"Frank what if, what if you were able to escape. What if me and you could get out of here, and we could live a better life than this," I asked him with excitement

"That would be awesome of course, but we can't, it's not possible."

"But what if it was Frank. Would you do it?"

"Yes, I would."

"Frank, I think we can do it, we could leave the lab," I told him. I really wish we could have both made it. I started thinking about how we could escape throughout that day, we could find a way out of our cage late at night then escape. That couldn't work though, the cages were too secured. Throughout my days of planning, I would often forget to eat or drink water. Some of the researchers started showing concern for my well-being, but it wasn't actually about me, it was about losing a test subject. I was confronted by Monty, one of the superiors.

"Daisy what are you doing? This is very unusual, you need to stop," Monty said with dead eyes.

"Monty, I ask again, why do we have to deal with all the pain?"

"That doesn't concern you, Daisy. You have no need to question us, you must return to your normal routine."

"No, why should I, this matter doesn't concern *you*," that answer angered Monty. He took a swing at me, and his claw caught my left ear. I could feel the soft tissue of my ear ripping, a little drop of blood fell to the floor.

"Daisy, stop trying to involve yourself in matters that don't concern you."

After the incident with Monty, I could feel the cameras watching me more closely than usual, like a predator stalking its prey. We wouldn't be able to get away like this, and even the researchers seemed to be checking in on me more. I was taken for experiments more frequently as well, but these tests were different. Instead of sending me into a state of blind panic, the only thing the workers would do was give me boxes with treats in them, and see if I could figure out how to open them. It took a bit to figure out how to open the boxes, but after the first test I had the mechanism down. The workers also had me do memory tests, so they would give me colors in certain orders, then I had to walk to the colors in that order. I still am not completely sure why they gave me these tests, but it may have had to do with them gauging my intelligence.

"Frank, I have an idea for how to escape," I told him eagerly. "When we are getting transferred to the research lab the workers usually leave the door to the hallway open, so that other workers can come in. In this short window of time, we could wriggle out of their grasp and run, we could make it out."

"Wait, but we couldn't leave at the same time, they never take us for research at the same time."

"I know it's risky for us but it may be our only way to get out. We can meet each other on the outside, I've heard passing whispers of a village of rats outside the lab. I think we could find it and meet each other there," I told him.

understood how wrong everything I had one through was. I waited for days, then weeks, then months, but Frank didn't arrive. I don't know what happened to Frank, and I miss him dearly. In all honesty I feel guilty for the fact Frank didn't get out, it was all my fault for not finding a different way. I hope Frank can forgive me and eventually get out and meet me. But for now, I need to work on myself, I have to get over all I was put through, and live.